

THE JOURNAL KINETOSCOPE

A CHANGE OF FRONT OR
THE HELPFUL HORNETS



Taken At The Rate Of
A Million A Minute.

A Higgs Mistake.

"The first time I was hung it hurt my feelin's powerful bad," Rubberneck Bill said reflectively "becuz it was all a higgs mistake. I think I kin say without boastin' that I've been hung earlier an' oftener'n any cow puncher in the Territory, an' when I need a little neck stretchin' I always stands up an' does the airy double shuffle with-out chewin' the rag in the least, but this yere bein' pounced on an' hung by perfect strangers as Broncho Dave when my name's Rubberneck Bill quite natch'ly worries an' bothers me. You'd kick, too, I bet. There is ways of doin' things, an' there is other ways, an' while I aint no stickler fer the proprieties, it a lways hurts my feelin's to be hung by mistake. I know there is people as would think I'm foolish an' notional an' over-particular, but hangin' is a subject that hadn't oughter be approached lightly, an' while I may be flinnykal an' all that, I can't help it.

"Ye see the way of it was this: A hoss had been stole, an' a posse of lynch-ers spotted Broncho Dave as the guilty party. This yere gang was out roundin' fer Dave when they caught me canterin' along hully unprepared fer sich an important funkshun as a necktie party.

"'Broncho Dave,' sez they, coverin' me with a dozen guns, 'we want you fer stealin' a hoss.'

"'Ye've rounded up the wrong critter,' sez I, 'fer my name is Rubberneck Bill an' not Broncho Dave.'

"That story don't go,' sez they, draggin' me off my hoss. 'Your name is Broncho Dave, an' we're goin' to hang ye.'

"'But, gentlemen,' sez I, 'this aint no square deal. I can't submit,' sez I, 'to bein' hanged by perfect strangers.'

"Wal, to git over the ground faster, they strung me up, dern 'em, an' rode away, an' five minutes later a squaw I knowed cut me down. It was rather annoyin', but my neck is powerful muscular, an' all it done to me was to make me about an inch taller, but I aint never forgot them fellers, an' I wouldn't speak to 'em even now if I saw 'em. There is ways of doing things an' there is other ways."

"It was a bad mistake, Bill!" said Texas Joe. "Yes, it was, you bet. It was a higgs mistake all around. My bein' hung by perfect strangers was a mistake. Their hangin' me fer Broncho Dave was a mistake, an' even their thinkin' Dave stole the hoss was a mistake. I done it myself."

Touching.
VISITING PARENT—What do you mean by congratulating me on my large and devoted family?
PRINCIPAL FEMALE SEMINARY—Why, nine of Marie's brothers have called here so far this Winter to take her out sleighing, and she expects another one to-morrow. I like to see such brotherly devotion.

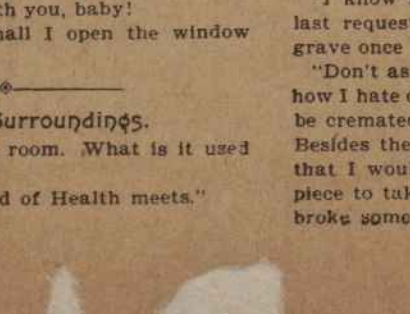
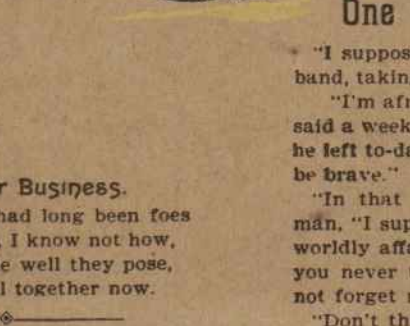
Didn't Need It.
MRS. BROWN—When your husband was leav- ing the house this morn- ing did you put an April fool tag on him?
MRS. COBWIGGER—No, my dear. I never did believe in using anything superfluous.

That's Their Business.
Two dentists who had long been foes
One day made up. I know not how.
In partnership quite well they pose.
It seems they pull together now.

The Brute.
YOUNG MOTHER (on the train)—Oh, dear, I don't know what to do with you, baby!
KIND BACHELOR—Shall I open the window for you, madam?

Appropriate Surroundings.
"That's a dirty looking room. What is it used for?"
"That's where the Board of Health meets."

IMPULSIVE MR. MURPHY COULDN'T WAIT!



A Rembrandt.

Many were the significant smiles exchanged in Miss Parvenue's great drawing room; many were the ambiguous little remarks which conveyed no concealed meaning to the hostess, yet nearly convulsed the other hearers.

Some time before Miss Newlyrich had achieved the acquisition of a rare and valuable Raphael. In a prominent location it had been hung, and attracted the attention and consequent admiration of connoisseurs from all quarters.

To be outdone by that vulgar Newlyrich woman was a condition of affairs to be prevented at any sacrifice. Excusing her action by impeaching to herself the genuineness of her rival's treasure, Miss Parvenue had unearthed a portrait of herself as a girl taken how many years ago it would not be gallant to guess, as the lady was not without years to her credit.

Boldly down in one of the lower corners she had inscribed in black paint the signature, "Rembrandt," the only painter of whom she could think of whose history she was totally ignorant. The painting had been placed in the drawing room.

It was the night of her reception.

"Yes," Miss Parvenue was saying, as in accordance with her well-known custom she bashfully lowered her eyes in very badly affected ingenueness, "I should like to go to Paris and study art, but papa thinks I'm still too young."

Miss Parvenue's age always had been a point for jest among her acquaintances. Not that age is a fit subject for ridicule, but because of the unrelenting mendacity with which Miss Parvenue denied hers, clinging to an improbable youth with crab-like tenacity.

"You know," Miss Parvenue said, "I am but twenty-three."

And just then the crowd got onto the portrait!

Cause for Pride.
MRS. CASEY—I'm wonderin' phwy Mrs. O'Hara holds her head up so high these days?
MRS. LACEY—Sh-h! The docther sez her husband has a bad case o' gout!

A Desperate Remedy.
MADGE—You say he is bashful.
DOLLY—That is hardly any name for it. Why, the last time he spent the evening with me I had to faint so as to get him to put his arm around me.

The Usual Story.
Smith declared that the gun wasn't loaded, but Brown was distrustful and refused to stay.
He departed in peace.
A few minutes later Smith also left the spot.
He departed in pieces.

His Interest.
DEACON BALDY—I'm delighted to see you at prayer meeting so regularly. I trust that you are interested in your soul's welfare?
JOHNNIE COURTER—Nope! It's only Susie Sweet.

One Woman's Bereavement.
"I suppose I'm going to die," said the sick husband, taking his wife's hand tenderly in his own.
"I'm afraid so, dear," she replied. "The doctor said a week ago that there was no hope, and when he left to-day he took my hand and told me I must be brave."
"In that case, my dear," continued the dying man, "I suppose I'd better think of settling up my worldly affairs. You're still young, so I won't ask you never to marry again. But I hope you will not forget me very soon."

"Don't think of such horrible things," she said, turning her head away. "You need all the fortitude you can command."
"I know it, my dear," he answered, "but as a last request I want you to promise to visit my grave once in a while."
"Don't ask me that," she returned. "You know how I hate churchyards. Why don't you consent to be cremated? Then you will always be near me. Besides they get up such artistic urns nowadays that I wouldn't mind having one on the mantel-piece to take the place of that Satsuma vase you broke some time ago."

Necessary Expenses.
"As soon as Regy can save up a thousand dollars," said the fair girl in the fur circular, "we are to be married."
"I thought your father had furnished a house for you," remarked her dearest friend in the navy blue jacket.
"So he has, and everything is just ready for us to go to housekeeping, and perfectly lovely. The only thing we lack is the money for Regy to give his farewell bachelor supper."

More Effective.
ARTIST (gloomily)—Somehow my pictures won't keep the wolf from the door.
FRIEND—Did you ever try hanging them on the doorknob?

His Revenge.

CHAPTER I.
"You scorn me now, Bella Moloney," hissed the Head Office Boy, "but, mark my words, the day will come when you will throw your arms around my neck and hug me and cling to me. When that day comes, I will spurn you, cast you from me. You have shown me no mercy, and no mercy shall I show you. Day after day have you sat there at your typewriter and beheld the agony of my love, the torture of a great heart crushed beneath an iceberg of indifference, and you have never showed one moment's pity. Ha! ha! Perhaps you think that because you have an eight bones a week job you don't need man's love and protection. But this day whereof I spoke will come, and remember, Bella Moloney, that Tommy Larkins never swears vengeance that is not executed." And the Head Office Boy strode from the room with a gait that was all that could be desired under the circumstances.

CHAPTER II.
Ten years have elapsed. One day Bella Moloney boarded a Broadway cable car at Thirteenth street. As she stood near the door and opened her purse she did not observe the demoniac leer with which the bearded conductor regarded her nor hear the malevolent "ha! ha!" that came from his lips. Taking a nickel from her purse, she was about to turn around when the car reached Dead Man's Curve. The usual terrific lurch followed, and the girl screamed and threw her arms wildly around the neck of the bearded man at her side. For an instant the man looked into her eyes. Then, violently loosening her hold, he hissed into her ear: "The day has come! The vengeance of Tommy Larkins is at hand! For years have I waited for this day. You spurned me. Now I spurn you."

Casting her from him, he sprang to the rear platform. Just then the car gave another great lurch, the girl grasped at a strap, missed it, and the next moment lay bruised and unconscious in a corner.

Presence of Mind.
The boats were lowered and manned by the crew, and the captain, with drawn revolver, kept back the rush of the affrighted passengers. The ship was fast breaking up on the rocks, and had settled almost to the water's edge.
"Women first!" rang the captain's voice.
Not one stepped forward.

"Beg pardon," said the captain. "Ladies, will you enter?"
Then the work went on, and not a soul was lost.

Succinct Explanation.
CUMSO—What a sour looking woman Miss Elder is.
CAWKER—Yes; she's an old maid.
CUMSO—And what a sour looking woman Mrs. Bickers is.
CAWKER—Yes; she's married.

Properly Diagnosed.
HE—Have you ever noticed how it affects a man to be hit by Cupid's arrow?
SHE—Oh, yes. I've noticed it always renders him senseless.

More Effective.
ARTIST (gloomily)—Somehow my pictures won't keep the wolf from the door.
FRIEND—Did you ever try hanging them on the doorknob?

A SUBMARINE JAIL-BREAKING

